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PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. ELLIS,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH SPEED AND DESPATCH.

POPULAR TALES.

WINNING OR LOSING A HUSBAND:

OR,

THE DANGERS OF SUBTERFUGE.

BY MRS. H. MUZZEY.

One evening about twilight, two young ladies were seated in an upper room of a handsome house, engaged in looking over some beautiful engravings, done from designs by our celebrated artist C. A little girl about nine years old was practising her dancing steps, and every now and then left off to peep over her sister's shoulder at the prints, and express her childish delight at their beauty. It would have been difficult to say which of the two younger ladies possessed the greater share of personal beauty, but though the countenance of Clara Weston, the elder of the two, by at least a year, wore that sparkling expression, if we may so call it, which attracts instant admiration, that of her companion, whom she addressed as Catharine Grant, was as remarkable for its look of extreme candor and placid sweetness.

"Come Kate," said Miss Weston, "I am almost tired of looking at these prints, though they are so fine. Is it not time to go down stairs? Let me first take a look at my hair," she added, running to the mirror.

There was a ring at the street door.

"Look out of the window, Fanny, and see who it is," she said to the little girl.

"O sister," replied Fanny, after taking the peep, "it is Mr. Manley."

"Run down then, quickly, before Jane opens the door, and tell her to say we are out—out for the evening remember!"

Miss Grant looked surprised.

"Why, Clara," she said, reprovingly, "why have you done this?"

"Because we don't want Mr. Manley this evening. Did I not promise Howard that we would spend this evening practising duets with him: you and I by turns? Manley would be in the way you know."

"I know at least," replied her friend, "that it is very wrong to teach your sister and your servant to tell a deliberate falsehood! Fanny has learned a lesson which she will remember, and probably practice, and as for Jane—"

"Nonsense Catharine," interrupted Clara, "what a fuss about a little white lie, or fib; it is only for the sake of convenience. I would be as unwilling to tell an untruth which could injure any one as yourself."

"Mr. Manley's feelings would be injured, I fancy, if he knew of this," replied Catharine; "but it is of the injury to your own morals, and those of your little sister, and—but I see you are offended, so I will say no more."

"Oh! you have said enough, dear Catharine to make me quite ashamed for this time; but I fancy you are a little—very little—vexed at not seeing Mr. Manley, which makes you now so unusually severe."

The young lady was interrupted by the entrance of Fanny, who had staid much longer than was necessary to deliver her message to the servant.

"Oh! sister," she exclaimed, "I made such a mistake! I hardly dated come up stairs! It was Mr. Howard who rang; but just as Jane spoke, Mr. Manley, too, came up the steps—I'm sure he looked—Mr. Howard—looked more like Mr. Manley than he ever did before; or I should not have made such a blunder."

"This is too bad," exclaimed Miss Weston; "too bad! when Howard knew that I expected him, to say that I was not at home! What shall I do?" and she looked at her companion as if for comfort or assistance.

"I, too, expected Mr. Manley," said Catharine, "in answer to her look; but I had not time to tell you, before you sent the message—and Mr. Manley's engagement at this hour was not positive; he said he would call at seven, and if I was engaged at that time, he would come at eight o'clock as he returned from calling on a friend; he is to take letters for me to my friends at B—"; he sets out to-morrow, and he will doubtless call again for the letters—so, Clara, although your hasty message was a little selfish, it will not disappoint my wishes of seeing Mr. Manley this evening. But as Fanny's mistake had led you into an involuntary rudeness to Mr. Howard, I am sorry that it occurred. Now do, dear Clara, leave off the habit you have of saying anything, or causing others to do so, just for the sake of convenience, as you call it. This little affair may have no serious consequence; but the habit, if indulged in, may cause you much trouble and the practice of telling falsehoods certainly debases the mind."

"Stop! stop! Catharine Grant," interrupted her friend, "you are becoming too serious, and too much like a lecturer. I respect the truth as much as you do. I have never been suspected or accused of falsehood. I do not consider such a thing as this indulging in the practice of falsehood; but I ought to have remembered that you are my guest, and that I was deviating from the

rules of politeness, by causing any visitor of yours to be denied admission. But what," she added, after a minutes' silence, "what shall I do with myself this evening—how unlucky! I cannot go down stairs without betraying myself to him."

"Oh, yes, come down, if you please and practice duets with Mr. Manley and myself," replied Catharine laughing; he will excuse the mistake for the sake of your society. But checking her merriment, she added—"But tell me, Clara, does not the vexation you now feel, convince you of the truth of my maxim? You already suffer inconvenience from this trifling deviation from strict veracity? Be warned in time?"

Clara was too much vexed to reply—they sat for a few moments in silence. The clock struck eight, and soon after the house bell rang, and Catharine hastened to descend the stairs lest Mr. Manley should again be denied entrance.

"I am glad you've come down, Miss," exclaimed Jane, when Miss Grant desired her to admit Mr. Manley, or any one who inquired for her.

"I'm tired of telling stories for young ladies. I think working for them and waiting on them is enough, without that."

And how did Mr. Walter Howard bear the disappointment when told that Miss Weston, with whom he was engaged to spend the evening, by her own invitation, was not at home? He felt as young people generally feel such disappointments, perhaps rather more deeply—for Miss Weston's beauty and vivacity had made an impression on his heart and fancy; her musical talents, too, had aided not a little in enslaving him, for he was passionately fond of music, in which he himself excelled. He turned away from Mr. Weston's door vexed and mortified; but happening to recollect that an invalid friend of his was just at that time confined to his room in the house opposite that where resided his beautiful Clara, he determined to make him a visit, for in the present state of his feelings, the society of those who were gay and happy would have been irksome.

So he went up stairs to his friends room, and as it was a front room, seated himself at a window where he could at least see the house which ought he thought at that moment to have contained both his enchantress and himself.

How is this!—lights in the parlor down stairs—lights in the room above!—and every body gone! Old Mr. Weston he knew was in the country, and Clara had no mother—no grown up sisters. Miss Grant was from home with Clara, for the servant had said "the ladies had gone out for the evening." "This is odd," thought Howard. "The shutters are not closed in the room above."

A female figure appears at one of the windows. "There is no mistake! It is Clara Weston! The servant had then told an untruth. She was at home."

Howard talked, he knew not what, to his sick friend, and kept his eyes on the window opposite. Presently a gentleman rang the bell; he was admitted—the light of a lamp before the house had shown him that the gentleman was Mr. Manley. Still Howard kept his seat and his senses too; which, as he was a lover, is saying much for his self command. Again the female figure appears before the window, and now it is enveloped in a shawl, and wears the bonnet which so well becomes the charming face of Clara Weston.

"What can all this mean?" matters Howard, while his eyes remained fixed on the house, which now appeared to him almost enchanted. It was a corner house; from the side door, issued the figure enveloped in the shawl. She turns hastily round the corner, runs up the steps and rings the bell—that tell-tale lamp has shown him the beautiful face of her he loves! Bewildered for a moment, Howard sat like one struck by sudden paralysis. The next instant, jealousy whispered, "the, not at home," was that meant for me only! Manley is there, and she has chosen to return. Yes yes—I see it all! He heard the message also, and she wishes to appear consistent to his eyes, of course. So to blind him, and not lose the pleasure of his society, she has pretended to have been out, and now returns, to play off her airs of enchantment upon my unsuspecting rival! But this shall not be! I will undeceive him—I will call again also, I will disturb this agreeable *de-la-tete*. I will find means to let her know that I have witnessed manoeuvring, which ought to make a lady blush to practice!"

In the meantime, while Howard was revolving in his altered mind, what course he should pursue, Clara Weston, to the great amazement of the girl who opened the door, and to the still greater astonishment of Miss Grant, entered the house, and the parlor where the latter sat with Mr. Manley, as if just returned from making a visit. Trusting that her generous high-minded friend would scorn to betray her, she suppressed her feelings of embarrassment while cordially addressing Mr. Manley and every thing was in train for a quiet evening, when Howard, who generally acted from impulse, rang at the door, was admitted, and entered the room, prepared to act in any way that circumstances might seem to warrant. Clara, on seeing him, was really glad. Howard's wrathful feelings subsided when he saw Miss Grant in the parlor, and he paid his compliments in his usual easy and elegant manner.

"The relief which Clara's feelings experienced on seeing him, led to her returning his salutations in a manner more flattering than she had ever before shown towards him. She greeted him in the most friendly manner, and said, in a low tone, as an opportunity offered—

"My little sister made a great mistake in the early part of the evening; she looked out of the window and mistook you for Mr. Manley."

The look which accompanied these words conveyed their full meaning. Howard's vanity was gratified, though his reason was unconvinced—his self-love accepted the sacrifice of truth, which his judgment disapproved.

"This time," he said, "I am more fortunate. I saw you return home, and hastened to avail myself of the opportunity of paying my respects where my heart always leads me."

Clara felt humbled in spite of the admiration which the look and tone of Howard expressed; she saw that the manoeuvring was known to him, and she half stammered a reply that feeling disappointed and out of spirits, she did not like to spend the evening alone.

And now she felt she had confessed more than she ought to have done, and had betrayed a preference which placed her in rather an embarrassing situation. But she rallied her spirits and console herself with the thought that Howard could only view the whole matter in the light of a ludicrous mistake and as for the part she had played, it was only a little artifice to blind that quiet, serious Mr. Manley.

Howard glanced from the glowing face of the beautiful Clara to the placid countenance of her less brilliant friend, who was conversing in a manner so perfectly natural and unaffected, that he could not help inquiring if Miss Grant was also from home in the early part of the evening?

"Oh!" answered Clara, "she was with me. Do not, Mr. Howard, say anything more about this ridiculous affair!"

Howard bowed, smiled, and promised obedience. There was now a secret between them, and if the knowledge that there was, did not raise Clara Weston in the opinion of her lover, it certainly led her to adopt towards him a more determined manner than he had ever hoped from the proud belle, who claimed homage from all who approached her.

When their visitors had left them, Clara really dreaded the reproach she expected from her friend, but Catharine only said—

"I see how matters stand between you and Mr. Howard, my dear Clara; let me entreat you to be careful that he never again have reason to believe that you have, in the slightest instance, deviated from truth. I believe your happiness may in a great degree, depend on the opinions which he may now form; that Mr. Howard admires you, extremely, is beyond a doubt; my dear friend, teach him always to respect you; forgive me, Clara, if I seem obtrusive in my remarks. I leave you soon, and we may not meet again for years. Our mothers were friends in heart as well as in name. I cannot bear to think your many fine qualities should be obscured, or the purity of your mind sullied by the frequent subterfuges which you allow yourself to practice, the motives for which are of so little consequence in themselves that it appears to me the simple truth would be both more easy and more pleasant."

Clara felt less happy on this night than she usually did when resting in her room, and when in the constant practice of resorting to little subterfuges, as her friend called them, but also unusual consequences to herself had ever followed these deviations from strict veracity, and as she did not know, that even in one instance, till now she had ever been suspected of resorting to falsehood "for the sake of convenience," she had remained perfectly easy in her mind in reference to her own conduct, and believed that was often told her, that "she was the most charming girl in the world"—and so she was, if ice, and form, voice, manner, and accomplishments were alone taken into consideration. She had a kind heart, too; she could feel for the misfortunes of others, though herself the child of prosperity. But there was a spot on the sun. "A cinder was at the heart of the rose?" Clara would have felt grieved, for a time at least, if she had known that her habit of causing herself to be deuced on any frivolous pretence had, more than once been the cause of disappointment and embarrassment to deserving persons, who had claims on her time and attention; she would have been hurt if she had known that her failing to fulfil an engagement, on some false excuse, had often conveyed a pang to some hearts that loved her, and that, rather than subject herself to a slight annoyance, she had inflicted real pain on others.

Time wore away. Catharine frantically returned to her native place; she was united in marriage to Mr. Manley, who could appreciate the beauty of her character, and love her for the truth and goodness which gave to her face beautiful expression. Catharine was happy herself, and the cause of happiness to others.

Walter Howard in the meantime, continued his devotions to Clara Weston; he idolized her beauty, and admired her talents and accomplishments; but he distrusted her sincerity. There were moments when he resolved to withdraw himself forever from the sphere of her enchantments; but a smile, a glance, drew him again to her side. He was ever on the watch to detect some insincerity towards himself, and ever in dread lest he should discover it. He knew she could dissemble, and he feared to trust to her apparent regard. Howard's constant visits and marked attentions had the usual effect of banishing those young men who had serious thoughts of seeking to possess the hand of the beautiful Miss Weston, and as Clara's manner towards him was always sufficiently flattering, their union was looked upon as fixed. But Clara, herself, was by no means certain that such was Howard's intention, for although his admiration was undisguised, at his attentions unrequited, he had never resorted to offer himself to Clara; yet the fear that one rival would step in, and secure the prize he desired to make his own, tormented him unceasingly. At length the officious kindness of a friend pointed out to the father of Clara the probable consequences of such marked attentions to his daughter, should their result not prove such as is anticipated. Mr. Weston, immersed in business, and at the same time of an indolent disposition, and indulgent to a fault, had been almost entirely negligent of his daughter, as to her manner of passing her time, and those who visited and escorted her.

He took it for granted that none other than gentlemen could find admission into his house; and satisfied with furnishing his household with all the means of comfort and enjoyment, he interfered but little with their arrangements and pursuits. We do not intend to say that Mr. Weston did his duty in trusting thus implicitly to the prudence of young people. Clara appeared to him always perfectly happy. He heard her praise from all tongues. Why should he be troubled about her? If she needed his advice, she would doubtless ask it. And when convinced by the arguments of his friend that her future peace and prospects might be endangered should Mr. Howard's attentions be merely those of gallantry, and not prompted by any serious views of marriage, he resolved not to trouble his daughter on the subject; but to apply at once to the gentleman, "who must of course know his own intentions," he said. He did so in plain terms, for he was remarkable for the bluntness and sincerity of his character. Howard was embarrassed, but presently rallied, and assured the old gentleman that "a union with the charming Clara was the fondest wish of his heart."

Well, then, said Weston, "why don't you tell her so, and ask her if she will have you?—That is the way I did when I courted her mother."

"What are you waiting for? Two years, they tell me, you have been coming every day to my house and waiting on Clara everywhere. For my part, I did not know it was half as long, or any thing about it; but people, it seems, will trouble themselves about such things. So if you like Clara and she likes you, why don't you settle the matter at once? I dare say she will give you a direct answer, if you ask her. I am told you are in good business, I can give Clara something handsome and leave enough for little Fanny, too; she'll be a trouble to me by and by, I suppose."

Well, I've done my duty, at all events, so good morning Mr. Howard. I wish you success and all that sort of thing."

Mr. Weston had made a great effort, and, for him, a long speech, and his mind was easy. But Howard was in a state of mind which was far from being enviable. The thought of giving up Clara was too painful to be borne; but he could not feel perfectly assured that her love for him was of that devoted character which alone could satisfy his feelings. Many instances had come under his observation of her departure from truth—instances which, though they could involve no serious consequences, and were trifling in themselves, nevertheless left a blot upon the otherwise stainless page upon which the name of Clara was engraven. But now deliberation was out of the question. Howard felt that he must act. Unable to break the chain which bound him, he resolved at last to wear it gracefully. He offered himself to Clara Weston, and was accepted, for Clara really loved him, and a weight seemed lifted from her heart while she listened to his proposal. For once, "the course of true love," did seem to "run smooth." Howard felt his bosom's lord sit high on its throne; and Clara appeared more lovely, more captivating than ever. At her request the marriage was delayed for six months. She was expected, about that time, to make a visit to her friend Catharine, now Mrs. Manley, and she resolved that her journey to Boston should be the wedding journey. Howard agreed, though reluctantly; but Clara's wish was paramount to every thing else.

But a blow was in store for poor Howard, which he little expected. He had a partner in his business, and four months after his engagement with Clara Weston, that partner absconded, embezzling all the property on which he could lay his hands. Howard had left the concern of his business too much in the hands of this faithless friend, and, on examination, he found himself deeply in debt, and his affairs in a state of complete confusion. Bankruptcy was the consequence, and his prospects before so flattering, were now dark in the extreme.

And how did Clara Weston receive her lover when his misfortunes were made known to her? She received him with more kindness than she had ever before shown him, for she truly loved him, and the change in his prospects but rendered him an object of greater interest to her heart. She trusted that her father would assist Howard in retrieving his affairs, and her sanguine temper led her to hope all would be well. She seemed scarcely less gay and happy than usual. But the mind of Howard was a prey to despondency; the gaiety of Clara seemed to him almost a proof of indifference. He watched with jealous eyes for some signs of altered feeling in her he loved—and as a suspicious temper was Howard's greatest fault, so it proved a fruitful source of uneasiness to him in his present circumstances. Clara rallied him on his low spirits.

"Cheer up, Howard," she would say; "knight of the rueful countenance, resume your smiles! What hero ever gave way to despondency? Your prospects will again brighten. My father will, doubtless, come forward to assist you. I will not burden you with the charge of a giddy wife until your affairs are somewhat retrieved. We can wait a little longer before we take upon ourselves the responsibilities of the married state. Go on and disentangle the 'enail' of difficulties which you say have got into. In the mean time, I must make my promised visit to Catharine without you; but you can come and bring me back your love."

All this, though well meant by Clara, and said in kindness, was worrowed to the fastidious lover; but, too proud to acknowledge the bitterness of his feelings, he acquiesced in gloomy silence, suspecting that Clara wished for a pretext to delay their marriage, and perhaps break her engagement entirely.

While in this frame of mind, Howard called one evening at Mr. Weston's. There were lights in the front parlor, and the sound of music. Clara was playing—his recognized her mother of

touching the piano. He rang the bell, and after waiting longer than usual, Jane opened the door, and in rather a hesitating tone, informed him that "Miss Weston was particularly engaged."

"This is strange, indeed," muttered Howard, as he rushed down the steps. "She has never been 'particularly engaged' before, when I have called. This, then, is what I have to expect. But I will see; perhaps she will offer an explanation. I will be prudent, cautious, I will restrain my hasty impulses. I will wait for the 'signs of the times.'"

He called again the next evening, Clara was at home and glad to see him. There was company present, and no favorable opportunity offered for inquiring how she was so "particularly engaged" the evening before. Clara did not allude to any engagement, or to his unwelcome absence, so he made up his mind to be "silent but wary." Howard was much to blame in thus acting. There was a degree of treachery in thus laying a snare for Clara;—an honest and direct inquiry would have been more just, and more becoming the character of a gentleman and lover. But he was under the influence of suspicion, and consequently was neither just nor generous. The truth of the matter in question was this: Fanny had profited by the lesson she had received, and Jane became less scrupulous about "telling stories for young ladies." On the evening that Howard was so unceremoniously dismissed, Fanny had some little visitors, and teased her sister to play waltzes, and other tunes for them. Clara felt certain that he would call, and her pride was hurt when she thought he had omitted to do so—hence her silence on the subject. Fanny invited Jane to see the dancing; and partake of the "bon bon," provided Jane would just tell Mr. Howard, if he came, that her sister was "particularly engaged;" "for you know Jane," added the little girl, "she is engaged to play for us—so it is no fit you know." And when Clara "wondered who it was at the door," Fanny ran to ask Jane, and on returning, told her sister "it was only a man who wanted to see papa."

Such is the force of example—such the facility acquired by practice in evil. And yet Clara Weston, though she had taught falsehood to her sister, and to the servant, to whom she ought to have set a far different example, never imagined that the deceit to which she had accustomed them, would ever be practised against herself; the falsehoods she had caused them to utter, appeared to her only deviating a little from the exact truth, just to serve some particular purpose. They injured no one—it was of no consequence—thus she argued, if she argued at all; and the fruits of the seed she had sown, was now about to appear. Since again when Fanny wanted the free use of the parlor where stood the piano, she prevailed on Jane, without much trouble, it is true, to tell Mr. Howard that her sister was not at home though she was at that moment expecting him—and Jane, who really began to like "the fun," as she called it, of seeing people go away disappointed, threw so much impudence into her look as she uttered the untruth, that Howard could not help feeling sure that she had been instructed not to admit him. Half frantic at such treatment, he absented himself nearly a week. Clara was very anxiously expecting him, and grieved that he did not come; but she heard from her father that there had been a meeting of Howard's creditors, with a view to the final adjustment of his affairs; she thought it was business kept him from her.

"And yet," she said to herself, "he has never till now allowed either business or pleasure to detain him from me, and I have given up all others for his sake."

She called Jane, and interrogated her as to whether Mr. Howard had not called in the course of the week, some time when she happened to be out? Jane answered boldly in the negative, and again Clara tried to think that he was just now too busy to call. Just at this juncture, a near relation of her mother's arrived from Europe, where he had been during several years. He brought many curious articles—many beautiful specimens of shells, dried plants, stuffed birds, and a variety of other articles, to amuse his young cousins—and was exhibiting some beautiful engravings when the door bell was rung. Clara's heart fluttered—she would have flown herself to open the door, hoping that the visitor was Howard, but the presence of the gentleman restrained her—besides she was busy in arranging some shells and did not wish to appear anxious about the arrival of any visitor.

"Jane does not hear—shall I open the door?" Clara nodded assent, and the little girl left the room; but the thought struck her, "if it should be Howard, we shall lose the pleasure of the evening, for my sister will be so taken up with him, that she will not care about seeing those beautiful things, and our cousin will talk to him instead of me—and I'll just say, for once that my sister is not at home. Jane will do as I say."

Jane did say so—just as Clara, wondering at the delay, had risen, and opened the parlor door to ascertain the cause. She heard the words, not at home. She heard Howard exclaim, "It is false!" And she heard no more. A sudden goodness seized her—she sunk upon a chair, and fainted.

It was not that Howard was for once denied admittance—it was not the disappointment of her hope of seeing him—it was not his angry tone that alarmed her. It was the power of conscience that struck that sudden blow upon her heart—the very lesson she had taught, was now made use of to defeat her fondest wish! Clara felt that it had been resorted to before.

The alarm that Clara's sudden illness caused, was great. Her father entered just as she began to recover.

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BY MRS. H. MUZZEY.

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"Come Kate," said Miss Weston, "I am almost tired of looking at these prints, though they are so fine. Is it not time to go down stairs? Let me first take a look at my hair," she added, running to the mirror.

"There was a ring at the street door," said Miss Weston, "I am almost tired of looking at these prints, though they are so fine. Is it not time to go down stairs? Let me first take a look at my hair," she added, running to the mirror.

"Look out of the window, Fanny, and see who it is," she said to the little girl.

"O! sister," replied Fanny, after taking the peep, "it is Mr. Manley."

"Run down then, quickly, before Mr. Manley comes, and tell her to say we are out—out for the evening remember!"

Miss Grant looked surprised.

"Why, Clara," she said, reprovingly, "why have you done this?"

"Because we don't want Mr. Manley this evening. Did I not promise Howard that we would spend this evening, practising duets with him? you and I by turns? Manley would be in the way you know."

"I know at least," replied her friend, "that it is very wrong to teach your sister and your servant to tell a deliberate falsehood! Fanny has learned a lesson which she will remember, and probably practice, and as for Jane—"

"Nonsense Catharine," interrupted Clara, "what a fuss about a little white lie, or fib; it is only for the sake of convenience. I would be as unwilling to tell an untruth which could injure any one as myself."

"Mr. Manley's feelings would be injured, I fancy, if he knew of this," replied Catharine; "but it is of the injury to your own morals, and those of your little sister, and—but I see you are resolved, so I will say no more."

"Oh! you have said enough, dear Catharine, to make me quite ashamed for this time; but I fancy you are a little—very little—veiled at not seeing Mr. Manley, which makes you now so unusually severe."

The young lady was interrupted by the entrance of Fanny, who had staid much longer than was necessary to deliver her message to the servant.

"Oh! sister," she exclaimed, "I made such a mistake! I hardly dared come up stairs! It was Mr. Howard who rang; but just as Jane spoke, Mr. Manley, too, came up the steps—I'm sure he looked—Mr. Howard—looked more like Mr. Manley than he ever did before, or I should not have made such a blunder."

"This is too bad," exclaimed Miss Weston; "but when Howard knew that I expected him, to say that I was not at home! What shall I do? and she looked at her companion as if for comfort or assistance."

"I, too, expected Mr. Manley," said Catharine, in answer to her look; "but I had not time to tell you, before you sent the message—and Mr. Manley's engagement at this hour was no mistake; he said he would call at seven, and it was engaged at that time, he would come at eight o'clock as he returned from calling on a friend; he is to take letters for me to my friends at B—; he sets out to-morrow, and he will doubtless call again for the letters—so, Clara, although your hasty message was a little selfish, it will not disappoint my wishes of seeing Mr. Manley this evening. But as Fanny's mistake, had led you into an involuntary readiness to Mr. Howard, I am sorry that it occurred. Now do, dear Clara, leave off the habit you have of saying anything, or causing others to do so, just for the sake of convenience, as you call it. This little affair may have no serious consequence; but the habit, if indulged in, may cause you much trouble and the practice of telling falsehoods certainly debases the mind."

"Stop! stop! Catharine Grant," interrupted her friend, "you are becoming too serious, and too much like a lecturer. I respect the truth as much as you. I have never been suspected or accused of falsehood. I do not consider such a thing as this indulging in the practice of falsehood; but I ought to have remembered that you are my guest, and that I was deviating from the

rules of politeness, by causing any visitor of yours to be denied admission. But what," she added, after a minute's silence, "what shall I do with myself this evening—how unlucky! I cannot go down stairs without betraying myself to him."

"Oh, yes, come down, if you please and practice duets with Mr. Manley and myself," replied Catharine laughing; he will excuse the mistake for the sake of your society. But checking her merriment, she added—"But tell me, Clara, does not the vexation you now feel, convince you of the truth of my maxim? You already suffer inconvenience from this trifling deviation from strict veracity? Be warned in time!"

Clara was too much vexed to reply—she sat for a few moments in silence. The clock struck eight, and soon after the house bell rang, and Catharine hastened to descend the stairs lest Mr. Manley should again be denied entrance.

"I am glad you've come down, Miss," exclaimed Jane, when Miss Grant desired her to admit Mr. Manley, or any one who inquired for her—"I'm tired of telling stories for young ladies. I think working for them and waiting on them is enough, without that."

And how did Mr. Walter Howard bear the disappointment when told that Miss Weston, with whom he was engaged to spend the evening, by her own invitation, was not at home? He felt as young people generally feel such disappointments, perhaps rather more deeply—for Miss Weston's beauty and vivacity had made an impression on his heart and fancy; her musical talents, too, had added not a little in enervating him, for he was passionately fond of music, in which he himself excelled. He turned away from Mr. Weston's door vexed and mortified; but happening to recollect that an invalid friend of his was just at that time confined to his room in the house opposite that where resided his beautiful Clara, he determined to make him a visit, for the present state of his feelings, the society of those who were gay and happy would have been irksome. So he went up stairs to his friends room, and as it was a front room, seated himself at a window where he could at least see the house which ought he thought at that moment to have contained both his enchantress and himself.

"How is this?—lights in the parlor down stairs—lights in the room above!—and every body gone out! Old Mr. Weston he knew was in the country, and Clara had no mother—no grown up sisters. Miss Grant was from home with Clara, for the servant had said 'the ladies had gone out for the evening.' 'This is odd,' thought Howard. 'The shutters are not closed in the room above stairs! A female figure appears at one of the windows!—There can be no mistake! It is Clara Weston! The servant had then told an untruth. She was at home.'

Howard talked, he knew not what, to his sick friend, and kept his eyes on the window opposite. Presently a gentleman rang the bell; he was admitted—the light of a lamp before the house had shown him that the gentleman was Mr. Manley. Still Howard kept his seat and his senses too; which, as he was a lover, is saying much for his self command. Again the female figure appears before the window, and now it is enveloped in a shawl, and wears the bonnet which so well becomes the charming face of Clara Weston.

"What can all this mean?" matters Howard, while his eyes remained fixed on the house, which now appeared to him almost enchanted. "It was a corner house: from the side door, issued the figure enveloped in the shawl. She turns hastily round the corner, runs up the steps and rings the bell—that tell-tale lamp has shown him the beautiful face of her he loves! Bewildered, for a moment, Howard sat like one struck by sudden paralysis. The next instant, jealousy whirled, "tho', not at home," was that meant for me only? Manley is there, and she has chosen to return. Yes yes—I see it all! He heard the message also, and the wishes to appear consistent to his eyes, of course. So to blind him, and not lose the pleasure of his society, she has pretended to have been out, and now returns, to play off her arts of enchantment upon my unsuspecting rival! But this shall not be! I will undeceive him—I will call again also. I will disturb this agreeable 'tete-a-tete.' I will find means to let her know that I have witnessed maneuvering, which ought to make a lady blush to practice!"

In the meantime, while Howard was 'revolving in his altered mind,' what course he should pursue, Clara Weston, to the great amazement of the girl who opened the door, and to the still greater astonishment of Miss Grant, entered the house, and the parlor where the latter sat with Mr. Manley, as if just returned from making a visit. Trusting that her generous high-minded friend would soon betray her, she suppressed her feelings of embarrassment and every thing was in train for a quiet evening, when Howard, who generally acted from impulse, rang at the door, was admitted, and entered the room, prepared to act in any way that circumstances might seem to warrant. Clara, on seeing him, was really glad—Howard's wrathful feelings subsided when he saw Miss Grant in the parlor, and he paid his compliments in his usual easy and elegant manner.

The relief which Clara's feelings experienced on seeing him, led to her returning his salutations in a manner more flattering than she had ever before shown towards him. She accosted him in the most friendly manner, and said, in a low tone, as an opportunity offered—

"My little sister made a great mistake in the early part of the evening; she looked out of the window and mistook you for Mr. Manley!"

The look which accompanied these words conveyed their full meaning. Howard's vanity was gratified, though his reason was unconvinced—his self-love accepted the sacrifice of truth, and his judgment disapproved.

"This time," he said, "I am more fortunate. I saw you return home, and hastened to avail myself of the opportunity of paying my respects where my heart always leads me."

Clara felt humbled in spite of the admiration which the look and tone of Howard expressed; she saw that the maneuvering was known to him, and she half stammered a reply that 'feeling disappointed and out of spirits, she did not like to spend the evening alone.' And now she felt she had confessed more than she ought to have done, and had betrayed a preference which placed her in rather an embarrassing situation. But she rallied her spirits and console herself with the thought that Howard could only view the whole matter in the light of a ludicrous mistake and as for the part she had played, it was only a little artifice to blind that quiet, serious Mr. Manley. Howard glanced from the glowing face of the beautiful Clara to the placid countenance of her less brilliant friend, who was conversing in a manner so perfectly natural and unaffected, that he could not help inquiring if Miss Grant was also from home in the early part of the evening?

"Oh!," answered Clara, "she was with me—Do not, Mr. Howard, say anything more about this ridiculous affair!"

Howard bowed, smiled, and promised obedience. There was now a secret between them, and if the knowledge that there was, did not raise Clara Weston in the opinion of her lover, it certainly led her to adopt towards him a more deferential manner than he had ever hoped from the proud belle, who claimed homage from all who approached her.

When their visitors had left them, Clara really dreaded the reproach she expected from her friend, but Catharine only said—

"I see how matters stand between you and Mr. Howard, my dear Clara; let me entreat you to be careful that he never again have reason to believe that you have, in the slightest instance, deviated from truth. I believe your happiness may in a great degree, depend on the opinions which he may now form; that Mr. Howard admires you extremely, is beyond a doubt; my dear friend, teach him always to respect you: forgive me, Clara, if I seem obtrusive in my remarks. I leave you soon, and we may not meet again for years. Our mothers were friends in heart as well as in name. I cannot bear to think your many fine qualities should be obscured, or the purity of your mind sullied by the frequent subterfuges which you allow yourself to practice, the motives for which are of so little consequence in themselves that it appears to me the simple truth would be both more easy and more pleasant."

Clara felt less happy on this night than she usually did when retiring to rest. She had been in the constant practice of resorting to little 'subterfuges,' as her friend called them, but as no unusual consequences to herself had ever followed these deviations from strict veracity, and as she did not know, that even in one instance, till now she had ever been suspected of resorting to falsehood 'for the sake of convenience,' she had remained perfectly easy in her mind in reference to her own conduct, and believed that was often told her, that 'she was the most charming girl in the world'—and so she was, if age, and form, voice, manner, and accomplishments were alone taken into consideration. She had a kind heart, too; she could feel for the misfortunes of others, though herself the child of prosperity. But there was a spot on the sun. "A cooler was at the heart of the rose?" Clara would have felt grieved, for a time at least, if she had known that her habit of causing herself to be deemed on any frivolous pretence had, more than once been the cause of disappointment and embarrassment to deserving persons, who had clung on her time and attention; she would have been hurt if she had known that her failing to fill an engagement, on some false excuse, had often conveyed a pang to some hearts that loved her, and that, rather than subject herself to a slight annoyance, she had inflicted real pain on others.

Time wore away. Catharine returned to her native place; she was united in marriage to Mr. Manley, who could appreciate the beauty of her character, and love her in the truth and goodness which gave to her face beautiful expression. Catharine was happy herself, and the cause of happiness to others.

Walter Howard in the meantime, continued his devotion to Clara Weston; he idolized her beauty, and admired her talents and accomplishments; but he distrusted her sincerity. There were moments when he resolved to withdraw himself forever from the sphere of her enchantments; but a smile, a glance, drew him again to her side. He was ever on the watch to detect some insincerity towards himself, and ever in dread lest he should discover it. He knew she could dissimble, and he feared to trust to her apparent regard. Howard's constant visits and marked attentions had the usual effect of banishing those young men who had serious thoughts of seeking to possess the hand of the beautiful Miss Weston, and as Clara's manner towards him was always sufficiently flattering, their union was looked upon as fixed. But Clara, herself, was by no means certain that such was Howard's intention, of his attentions unrequited, he had never resolved to offer himself to Clara; yet the fear that one rival would step in, and secure the prize he hesitated to make his own, tormented him unceasingly. At length the officious kindness of a friend pointed out to the father of Clara the probable consequences of such marked attentions to his daughter, should their result not prove such as is anticipated—Mr. Weston, immersed in business, and at the same time of an indolent disposition, and indulgent to a fault, had been almost entirely negligent of his daughter, as to her manner of passing her time, and those who visit and reported her

He took it for granted that none other than gentlemen could find admission into his house; and satisfied with furnishing his household with all the means of comfort and enjoyment, he interfered but little with their arrangements and pursuits. We do not intend to say that Mr. Weston did his duty in trusting thus implicitly to the prudence of young people. Clara appeared to him always perfectly happy. He heard her praise from all tongues. Why should he be troubled about her? If she needed his advice, she would doubtless ask it. And when convinced by the arguments of his friend that her future peace and prospects might be endangered should Mr. Howard's attentions be merely those of gallantry, and not prompted by any serious views of marriage, he resolved not to trouble his daughter on the subject; but to apply at once to the gentleman, 'who must of course know his own intentions,' he said. He did so in plain terms, for he was remarkable for the bluntness and sincerity of his character. Howard was embarrassed, but presently rallied, and assured the old gentleman that 'a union with the charming Clara was the fondest wish of his heart.'

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But a blow was in store for poor Howard, which he little expected. He had a partner in his business, and four months after his engagement with Clara Weston, that partner absconded, embezzling all the property on which he could lay his hands. Howard had left the concern of his business too much in the hands of this faithless friend, and, on examination, he found himself deeply in debt, and his affairs in a state of complicated confusion. Bankruptcy was the consequence, and his prospects before so flattering, were now dark in the extreme.

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While in this frame of mind, Howard called one evening at Mr. Weston's. There were lights in the front parlor, and the sound of music. Clara was playing. He recognized her manner of

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The alarm that Clara's sudden illness caused, was great. Her father entered just as she began to recover.

He took it for granted that none other than gentlemen could find admission into his house; and satisfied with furnishing his household with all the means of comfort and enjoyment, he interfered but little with their arrangements and pursuits. We do not intend to say that Mr. Weston did his duty in trusting thus implicitly to the prudence of young people. Clara appeared to him always perfectly happy. He heard her praise from all tongues. Why should he be troubled about her? If she needed his advice, she would doubtless ask it. And when convinced by the arguments of his friend that her future peace and prospects might be endangered should Mr. Howard's attentions be merely those of gallantry, and not prompted by any serious views of marriage, he resolved not to trouble his daughter on the subject; but to apply at once to the gentleman, 'who must of course know his own intentions,' he said. He did so in plain terms, for he was remarkable for the bluntness and sincerity of his character. Howard was embarrassed, but presently rallied, and assured the old gentleman that 'a union with the charming Clara was the fondest wish of his heart.'

Well, then, said Weston, 'why don't you tell her so, and ask her if she will have you?—That is the way I did when I courted her mother.—What are you waiting for? Two years, they tell me, you have been coming every day to my house and waiting on Clara everywhere. For my part, I did not know it was half as long, or any thing about it; but people, it seems, will trouble themselves about such things. So if you like Clara and she likes you, why don't you settle the matter at once? I dare say she will give you a direct answer, if you ask her. I am told you are in good business, I can give Clara something handsome and leave enough for little Fanny, too; she'll be a trouble to me by and by, I suppose.—Well, I've done my duty, at all events, so good morning Mr. Howard. I wish you success and all that sort of thing.'

Mr. Weston had made a great effort, and, for him, a long speech, and his mind was easy. But Howard was in a state of mind which was far from being enviable. The thought of giving up Clara was too painful to be borne; but he could not feel perfectly assured that her love for him was of that devoted character which alone could satisfy his feelings. Many instances had come under his observation of her departure from truth—instances which, though they could involve no serious consequences, and were trifling in themselves, nevertheless left a blot upon the otherwise stainless page upon which the name of Clara was engraven. But now deliberation was out of the question. Howard felt that he must act. Unable to break the chain which bound him, he resolved at last to wear it gracefully. He offered himself to Clara Weston, and was accepted, for Clara really loved him, and a weight seemed lifted from her heart while she listened to his proposal. For once

"What is all this?" he asked. "What is the matter with Clara? Why do you cry, Fanny? Cousin can you tell me what all this means?"

"It means," said Clara, who heard the questions of her father—"It means that I am miserable—and that I deserve to be so! They have tied!" she added, pointing to Fanny and Jane, "but I taught them—they have for what reason I know not, denied Howard admittance. Oh, father!—they have done it more than once!—he is gone!—he will never come again! I shall see him no more—he despises me!"

"Pooh, pooh, child!" answered Mr. Weston, "don't take on so. Howard will come again—I'll go for him myself. He'll come again—never fear! But what did they tie for? What was it about—and why do you say you taught them? You never could have done that—you know not what you say, my poor girl! 'But come,' he added 'I must know what this means. I hate trouble, but I must know all about this!'"

An explanation followed. Fanny and Jane, who were both in tears, being closely interrogated, confessed that they had several times told Mr. Howard that Miss Weston "was not at home," but as Clara had often told them to say so whenever a visitor came whom they did not wish at that time to see—and in many instances had said things not quite true, "just for convenience," they thought—at least Fanny said she thought—"it was no harm to tell him so, just for her own convenience!"

A severe reprimand from her father, and a serious lecture from her cousin, was all the punishment that Fanny received at that time. But Clara whose feelings were stung to the quick by the cold look of her relative, and by the reproachful yet prying glance of her father, could have borne all this with patience, could she have heard the voice of Howard, assuring her that he believed her innocent of any slight towards him—that he believed "though false to others, she was true to him." But no such consolation was in store for her.

"Oh father!" she exclaimed, "if this had happened in the days of his prosperity, it would have been trifling—but now! oh, father will you see him? Will you tell him that I am innocent of this—that I was anxiously expecting him, and that I never slighted him in word or thought?"

"I will, Clara!" replied the old gentleman—"I will tell him all this; but child if he knows you are in the habit of telling untruths how can I make him believe you now?"

This was too much for poor Clara. The words of her friend Catharine seemed sounding in her ears, and she wept yet more bitterly.

Mr. Weston sought Howard the next morning; he had departed in the early cars for New York. A letter was sent after him but he never received it. Before it arrived he had left in a packet for England. A letter arrived for Clara dated, on the day the vessel sailed. It ran thus:

"Farewell Clara! I shall trouble you no more. Thrice have I denied entrance when I knew you were at home. The last time I knew you had a visitor, for I had seen him enter. Clara! I had taken warning by the first deception I knew you to practice, I should not have been subjected to this insult myself. I smiled then, because my own vanity was flattered—but now, a bankrupt and a rejected visitor, I will not be an object longer. I go to the hope of forgetting you. Too long have I suffered the anguish of a heart 'that doubts, yet doubts; suspect, yet fondly loves.'—Once more, farewell! May you be happier than I am!"

This letter put an end to all Clara's hopes and plunged her affliction. Her mortification was severe—but her contrition still more so. Clara never saw her lover again—for he never returned to America. She was roused from her state of hopeless dejection, by a visit from her friend Catharine, who poured balm into her wounded heart, while she endeavored to strengthen her resolution of making truth the standard of all her words and actions for the future. Clara has now regained her tranquility, but she has never forgotten the severe lesson she learned in her youth. Fanny has profited by the good example which is now before her, and Jane finds that though telling fibs may be a good joke sometimes there is nothing so safe, or so satisfactory in the end, as Truth.

Escape. Two ladies, from Boston, who were bathing at an inlet on Plum Island, on Monday afternoon, had a narrow escape from drowning. One of them having fallen down, the other attempted to get her upon the beach, and in the attempt both were carried out beyond their depth. The daughter of one of the ladies (Mrs. James Oakes of Boston,) about thirteen years of age, who was with them, with great presence of mind immediately put on the life preserver which she had with her, and (having practised at Braintree baths, in Boston,) being an expert swimmer, boldly swam out to them, and succeeded in drawing them both ashore. One of the ladies who was compelled to draw through the water by the hair of the head. The ladies were so much exhausted as to require medical attendance. [Newburyport Herald.]

Sudden Death. Charles Hutchings, Esq., of Penobscot, while in conversation with a gentleman at Mr. Tinker's tavern, Ellsworth, on Wednesday last, complained of feeling unwell. Before medical assistance could be had, he laid his head back on a chair and instantly expired. Mr. H. was formerly Sheriff of Hancock County, and has filled the office of State Senator, Councilor and Representative.

A Mathematical Boy. A private letter to a gentleman in Boston, from a friend in the interior of Vermont contains the following sentence: "Within two or three weeks I have been preparing the manuscript of an Almanac for 1846, the astronomical calculations of which were made by a boy nine and a half years old, a resident in Royton, Vt. His name is Safford, and his knowledge of mathematics and astronomy is truly astonishing!"

The Townley estate in England, for which heirs are wanted, is said to be worth £4,000,000. There is a family in Maryland which traces its descent direct from the female branch of the Townley family in England.

ANTI-ABOLITION EXCITEMENT AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Great excitement has been created at Lexington, Ky. in consequence of the publication of certain articles in an Abolition Newspaper, edited by Cassius M. Clay, and called the "True American"—said articles being deemed to be of an incendiary and dangerous character for that latitude. So dangerous were the articles considered, and so excited were the people in consequence thereof, that public meetings were called to devise means for the suppression of the publication of the paper.

The annexed account of the proceedings of the first meeting is condensed from Clay's own statement:

On the 15th inst. just before three o'clock P. M., Mr. Clay was informed that a meeting was to be held at the Court House in Lexington to take measures for the suppression of the "True American." Although in ill health he determined to attend the meeting and vindicate his rights in person. About twenty persons were present, including two or three of his personal friends. With the exception of those last named he knew them all as political, and three fourths of them as personal enemies. Among the rest was Thomas F. Marshall. Only one whig was present. Two speakers proposed to dissolve the meeting, and Capt. Henry Johnson, a cotton planter, declared that although he was ever ready to act boldly upon this subject, he would not then, nor hereafter, take any action in regard to the "True American," unless the Whig party also came up and incurred the same responsibility. Mr. Marshall stated that the excitement in the community had been caused by some articles in the American which were thought to be insurrectionary in their tendency. Several speakers contended that the meeting was a private one, whereupon Mr. Clay, after protesting against the wrong construction put upon the articles in question, left the house.

The result of the meeting was afterwards communicated to Clay in the following language:

LEXINGTON, 14th Aug., 1845.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, Esq.—Sir: We, the undersigned, have been appointed as a committee upon the part of a number of the respectable citizens of the city of Lexington, to correspond with you under the following resolution:

"Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to wait upon Cassius M. Clay, Editor of the True American, and request him to discontinue the publication of the paper called the True American, as its further continuance, in our judgement, is dangerous to the peace of our community, and to the safety of our homes and persons."

In pursuance of the above, we hereby request you to discontinue your paper, and would seek to impress upon you the importance of your acquiescence. Your paper is agitating and exciting our community to an extent of which you can scarcely be aware. We do not approach you in the form of a threat. But we owe it to you to state, that in our judgement, your own safety, as well as the repose and peace of the community, are involved in your answer. We await your reply, in the hope that your own good sense and regard for the reasonable wishes of a community in which you have many connexions and friends will induce you promptly to comply with our request. We are instructed to repeat your answer to a meeting to-morrow evening, at three o'clock, and will expect it by two o'clock, P. M. to-morrow.

Respectfully, &c. R. W. DUDLEY, THO. H. WATERS, JOHN W. HUNT.

In answer to this I say Clay sent the following, which appears to be characteristic of the man.

Sirs:—I received through the hands of Mr. Thomas H. Waters, one of your committee, since candle light, your extraordinary letter,—inasmuch as two of your committee and myself are not upon speaking terms, and when I add to this the fact that you have taken occasion to address me a note of this character when I am on a bed of sickness of more than a month's standing, from which I have only ventured at intervals to rise out and to write a few paragraphs, which caused a relapse, I think that the American people will agree with me, that your office is a base and dishonorable one, more particularly when they reflect that you have had more than two months, whilst I was in health to approach the same purpose. I say in reply to your assertion that you are a committee appointed by a respectable portion of the community, that it cannot be true. Traitors to the laws and constitution cannot be deemed respectable by any but assassins, pirates, and highway robbers. Your meeting is one unknown to the laws and constitution of my country; it was secret in its proceedings, its purposes, its spirit; and its action, like its mode of existence, are wholly unknown to or in direct violation of every known principle of honor, religion or government, held sacred by the civilized world. I treat them with the burning contempt of a brave heart and loyal citizen. I deny their power and defy their action. I may be true that these men are excited, as you say, whose interest it is to prey upon the excitement and distresses of the country. What tyrant ever failed to be excited when his unjust power was about to be taken from his hand? But I deny, utterly deny, and call for proof, that there is any just ground for this agitation.

In every case of violence by the blacks since the publication of my paper, it has been proved, and will be again proved, by my representatives if my life should fail to be spared, that there have been special causes for action independent of and having no relation whatever to the True American or its doctrines. Your advice with regard to my personal safety is worthy of the source whence it emanated, and meets the same contempt from me which the purposes of your mission excite. Go tell your secret convales of cowardly assassins that C. M. Clay knows his rights and how to defend them.

Lexington, Aug. 15, 1845.

After sending this letter to the committee, Clay put forth, in handbill form, an appeal to the People to stand by and protect him, in these words:

KENTUCKIANS:—You see this attempt of these tyrants, worse than the thirty despots who lorded it over the once free Athens, now to enslave you. Men who regard law—men who regard all their liberties as not to be sacrificed to a single pecuniary interest, to say the least of doubtful value—lovers of justice—enemies of blood—laborers of all classes—you for whom I have sacrificed so much, where will you be found when this battle between Liberty and Slavery shall be fought? I cannot, I will not. I dare not question on which side you will be found. If you stand by me like men, our country will yet be free, but if you falter now, I perish with less regret when I remember that the people of my native state, of whom I have been so proud, and whom I have loved so much are already slaves.

The senior editor of the Louisville Journal, who was in Lexington, wrote to his paper on the 15th as follows:

During the whole forenoon of to-day, the popular excitement was very high. Many anticipated that the meeting at P. M. would tear down the office of the True American. Clay, in anticipation of such an attempt, made his will, armed himself, and sent to his office (being too sick to sit up for any great length of time) a bed to be occupied by him during the day.

At 3 P. M. I went to the Court House and found it full. Beverly Hicks was in the chair. Mr. Waters, in behalf of the committee, reported C. M. Clay's letter, and offered a long preamble and a resolution which were read by the Hon. T. F. Marshall and unanimously adopted.

The preamble was a warm rejoinder to Clay's handbill. The resolution was that a mass meeting of the citizens of Lexington and Fayette be held at the Court House on Monday next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. for the adoption of such measures as may be deemed expedient. The adjournment was quiet.

The meeting of Monday will be tremendous. What it will do I am of course unable to say. It may make an ultimate action. But I think it almost universal impression is that it will resolve itself into a committee for the redress of grievances, and demolish the True American office, though every body understands that the editor will have to be killed first, and that he is somewhat difficult to kill.

This is a most lamentable state of affairs. What effect the killing of C. M. Clay will have in the free states, in exasperating the Abolitionists and swelling their numbers, you can judge as well as I.

On Saturday, Clay, in order to allay the public excitement against himself and paper, issued the following address:

To the Citizens of Fayette County and the City of Lexington.

As my opponents, notwithstanding my sickness, will not wait to hear my plan of emancipation, and seem determined to precipitate measures tentatively, without giving me a hearing, and as they insist upon branding me as an Abolitionist, a name full of unknown and strange terrors and crimes to the mass of our people, I will make a brief statement of my plan of emancipation. Although I regard slavery as opposed to natural right, I consider it, and its inviolable observance in all cases whatever, as the one safeguard of my own liberty and of the liberty of others. I therefore have not and will not give my sanction to any mode of freeing the slaves, which does not conform strictly to the laws and constitution of my state. And as I am satisfied that there is no power, under the present constitution, by which slavery can be reached, I go for a Convention. A Convention, which is politically omnipotent, I would say but every female slave I can after a certain day and year should be free at the age of twenty one. This in course of time, would, gradually, and at last, make our state truly free. I would further say that, after the expiration of thirty years, more or less, the state should provide a fund, either from her own resources, or from her portion in the public lands, for the purchase of the existing generation of slaves, in order that the white laboring portion of our community might be as soon as possible freed from the odious competition of slave labor. The funds should be applied after this manner: Commissioners shall be appointed in each county, to sell on coin value all slaves that shall be voluntarily presented to them for that purpose. To the owners of these slaves shall be issued the proper authorities, scrip bearing interest the rate of six per cent, to the amount of the value of their slaves, and to the redemption of said scrip, principal and interest. By this plan the present habits of our people would be suddenly broken in upon, whilst, at the same time, we believe that it would bring slavery almost under extinction in our State within the next thirty years.

With regard to the free blacks, I would not go for forcible expulsion, but I would encourage by all the pecuniary resources that the State had to spare, a voluntary emigration to such countries and climates as nature seems particularly to have designed them.

With regard to the political equality of the blacks with the whites, I should oppose in Convention their admission to the right of suffrage. As minors, women, foreigners, denizens, and divers other classes of individuals are, in all well regulated governments, forbidden the elective franchise, so I see no good reason why the blacks, until they become able to exercise the right to vote with proper discretion, should be admitted to the right of suffrage. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." The time might come with succeeding generations when there would be no objection on the part of the whites and none on the account of disqualification of the blacks to their being admitted to the same political platform; but let after generations act for themselves. The idea of amalgamation and paid equality is proven to be untrue and absurd. It may be said by some, what right would a Convention have to liberate the unborn? They who ask equity, the lawyers say, themselves must do equity, and whilst the slaveholders have rights, they must remember the blacks, also have rights; and surely in the compromise which we have proposed between the slave and the slaveholder, the slaveholder has the lion's share.

We have thus, in a very rambling and feeble, unsatisfactory manner, given something of an outline of the plan which we had intended to present. It may be that my paper has not been conducted in the most pacific manner, but is there not cause for mutual reproach between myself and the public in which I am placed? And those who row most denounce me, should remember that my paper was denounced even in advance, in the full disavowal of all the incendiary purposes which my enemies now affect to impute to me. I am willing to take warning from friends or enemies for the future conduct of my paper, and whilst I am ready to restrict myself in the latitude of discussion of the questions, I will never voluntarily abandon a right or yield a principle.

August 16, 1845. C. M. CLAY.

The Louisville Journal remarks, in reference to the excitement, &c. as follows:

"We cannot but hope that, notwithstanding the intense excitement which prevails, enough sober reason and common sense may be found to save this time honored Commonwealth from the disgrace of mob violence. Persecution never yet succeeded in its efforts to annihilate opinions on the contrary the history of mankind is full of instances proving that opinions never thrive so well and never produce such abundant fruits as when opposed by the tyrannical power of kings, churches, and mobs. We sincerely hope that the lessons of the past will not be lost on our fellow citizens of Lexington, and the meeting to be held this morning may resolve that it is expedient, at least, to resort to mob-law to put down what the law of the land sanctions, namely, freedom of the press and speech. The law which is secured to every slaveholder his property in his slaves is regarded by him as sacred; but it is not more sacred than that law which gives to every man the right to utter and publish any opinions he pleases in relation to slavery. The law is the only safeguard of slavery and slaveholders should not, by their example, encourage others to trample on it."

The adjourned meeting was held on Monday and the following letter to the N. York Herald gives the final denouement:

LEXINGTON, Aug. 18.

This day there were people from all the adjoining counties, to assist in the work of preparing our interests from the increasing movements of the Abolitionists. J. M. Ball, Esq. was chosen chairman of the meeting; Benj. Gray, Secretary. The eloquent T. F. Marshall arose as speaker of the day—he read the articles from the papers—Clay's answer to the committee, and his last letter, requesting to be heard before the assembled multitude of people. Mr. Marshall introduced, with some few remarks, the report of the committee appointed by the citizens, together with the resolutions prepared. The report will knock the anticipations of the Abolitionist as flat and as dumb as this State, as the last resolution has knocked the printing press. The last resolution is in about these words:—"That the press be suppressed—namely, if we can, or, if we cannot, a Committee of sixty were appointed to proceed to the office and take down the press, box it up, and send it to Cincinnati."

The committee went to the office—the key was given to them—the city Marshall reported progress, that in a few hours the press, &c. would be on the cars.

The committee reported at two o'clock that the press was taken down, and pledged themselves that in a few hours it should be on the cars. Ex-Governor Metcalf, alias Old Stone hammer, addressed the vast assemblage of our man beings for two hours, on the subject of abolition, and the peaceable manner in which they had conducted themselves, on this 18th day of August, which will be long remembered by Kentuckians. I leave the meeting to write these few lines.

I neglected to inform you at first, that C. M. Clay has been sick with the typhoid fever for thirty-five days and could not be personally present.

It is stated in some of the Ohio papers, that Governor Dorr intends removing to Ohio and to make that State his home.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE TARIFF.

I spent a few days lately with a friend, who is a man of sense and worth—a thrifty, strong-minded and unlearned farmer. He said he wished me if I could, to explain to him, in plain language, all about the tariff and taxes. He remarked that he had read the newspapers and had listened to speeches upon the subject; but that they abounded in terms which were not sufficiently explained, so that he derived but little information from them. He further observed, that if I would permit him to ask questions in his own way, and would confine my answers to his questions it would be most satisfactory. I assented to his proposal; and the result of our conversation at various times, was so satisfactory to him, that at his earnest request, I offer them to the public under a hope, that they may be agreeable and useful to others who are similarly situated! His questions and my answers, as nearly as I can recollect them, were as follows:

Question.—In the first place, I desire to know the meaning of the term "duties."

Answer.—It is the name of a tax which government places upon imported goods.

Question.—What is the object of this tax?

Answer.—It is two-fold—first to produce a revenue; that is, to raise a sum of money for the support of our government; and secondly, to raise a sum of money for American sugar planters, and for American manufacturers, sufficient in amount to enable men to carry on their respective operations profitably.

Question.—Is an equal tax laid upon all imported goods?

Answer.—By no means. On dye-stuffs, and many minerals which are principally used by manufacturers, there is no tax at all. On very fine cloths, on very fine silk, gold chains, precious stones, and others articles of taste and luxury, the tax, at present, is very light. But heavy taxes are laid upon sugar, iron, salt, coarse cottons, woolen goods, hats, blankets, and on all other articles which are absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of civilized life. This arrangement of the tax on the different kinds and qualities of goods, is called a tariff.

Question.—What is the amount of tax collected on imported goods annually?

Answer.—It depends upon the amount which is imported. We may at present set it down, in round numbers, at twenty-five millions.

Question.—Is the whole revenue of the government derived from the tax on goods?

Answer.—Principally. There are a few millions derived from the sale of the public lands and other sources, but not to any amount which can be important to our present investigation.

Question.—How is the tax on imported goods collected?

Answer.—The tax is laid as soon as the goods arrive; and the importer has to pay it, before the goods can be taken on shore.

Question.—Do the importers then contribute twenty-five millions a year to the support of our government?

Answer.—No, nor any part of it; they could not afford it. For instance, an importer of sugar purchases a hoghead, weighing one thousand pounds, for twenty-five dollars in the Island of Cuba. When he arrives at an American port, he is compelled to pay a tax of twenty-five dollars. Of course, if he had to lose this tax, he would lose all his capital; for it would take all his sugar to pay the tax.

Question.—How does the importer get back the money which he pays as tax?

Answer.—In the same way that he gets back the money which he paid for the sugar in the Island of Cuba. He adds all these items and the tax together, and sells the sugar at a price which he calls his price. So that, when he sells the sugar, he (under the name of price) gets back the tax, with cost and other charges.

Question.—Do you, then, really think that a high tax, raises the price of goods?

Answer.—A high tax has just the same effect upon the price of goods that a high rent has. If a hoghead of sugar cost nothing in the Island of Cuba, and is taxed twenty-dollars, it will sell for the same price in our market as a hoghead which cost twenty-five in Cuba, and pay no tax.

Question.—Does all the money which is produced by this tax on imported goods go into the public treasury?

Answer.—Yes.

Question.—How, then, does this tax lay upon a sum of money for the sugar planters and the manufacturers?

Answer.—If there were no tax on sugar, which is produced in Cuba at twenty-five dollars per hoghead, and sold with freight and charges, and by the laws of trade and competition, the American sugar planter would have to sell at the same price, but when a tax of twenty-five dollars is laid upon the Cuban hoghead, that necessarily raises the price of it, as we have seen, to fifty dollars. The same law of trade and competition enables the American sugar planter to raise to the same price. And thus it is that by the force of this taxing law, and by its force and operation alone, the American sugar planter twice the American consumer at the rate of twenty-five dollars per hoghead, or two and a half cents per pound, on all the sugar he can make. If it were not for this law a bale of cotton weighing five hundred pounds, and selling in Cuba at twenty-five dollars, would bring home a hoghead of sugar, weighing one thousand pounds; but under the authority of this law, the home protected planter charges one bale of cotton for tax, and another for sugar; so that it requires two bales to offset upon the price of bread stuffs, meat, and all the articles which he is willing to barter his sugar.

Question.—If this increase of the price of American sugar is a tax, what is the penalty for failing to pay it?

Answer.—The same penalty that is paid for failing to pay the government tax. In either case if you refuse to pay the tax, you will go without the sugar.

Question.—You have spoken only of sugar.—Is the effect of the taxing law similar upon all the protected articles of American manufacture?

Answer.—Exactly the same. The amount of the tax differs on the different commodities, but the principle is the same in all.

